VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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Poetry.

The Old Earth.

"The earth gives signs of age, disease and fickleness. It yields its increase grudgingly, and demands an exhorbitant fee before hand, in toil and sweat from the husbandman. It has ill turns, or paroxysms, when it rouses the ocean into a tempest, and makes sport of navies, strewing the shore with wrecks and carcases of men. It rocks a continent or sinks an island; shaking massive cities into countless fragments, and burying its wretched inhabitants in indiscriminate ruin; anon it writhes and groans in mortal agony, and finds relief only by disgorging its fiery bowels, burying graves. The earth is old feeble, and must needs groan on, until it renews its."—[Miseries and Liabilities of the Present Life.

OLD Mother EARTH is wan and pale,
Her face is wrinkled sore;
Her locks are blanched, her heart is cold,
Her garments stiff with gore;
With furrowed brow and dim said eyes,
With trembling steps and slow,
She marks the course that first she trod,
Six thousand years ago!

The Earth is old, the earth is cold,
She shivers and complains;
How many Winters fierce and chill,
Have racked her limbs with pains!
Drear tempests, lightning, flood and flame
Have scarred her visage so,
That scarce we deem she shone so fair,
Six thousand years ago!

Yet comely was the youthful Earth,
And lightly tripped along
To music from a starry choir,
Whose sweet celestial song
Through Nature's temple echoed wild,
And soft as streamlet's flow,
While sister speres rejoiced with her,
Six thousand years ago!

And many happy children there
Upon her breast reclined,
The young Earth smiled with aspect fair,
The heavens were bright and kind;
The azure cope above her head
In love seemed bending low;
O happy was the youthful Earth,
Six thousand years ago!

Alas! those children of the Earth
With hate began to burn,
And murder stained her beauteous robe,
And bade the young Earth mourn.
And ages, heavy ages, still
Have bowed with gathering wo
The form of her whose life was joy,
Six thousand years ago!

Old Earth! drear Earth! thy tender heart
Bewails thy chosen ones;
Thou look'st upon the myriad graves
That hide their gathered bones;
For them by day and night, thy tears
Unceasingly must flow;
Death chilled the fountain-head of life
Six thousand years ago!

Old Earth! old Earth! above thy head,
The heavens are dark and chill,
The sun looks coldly on thee now,
The stars shine pale and still;
No more the heavenly symphonies
Through listening ether flow,
Which swelled upon creation's ear,
Six thousand years ago!

Weep not in bitter grief, O Earth!
Weep not in hopelessness!
From out the heavens a 'still small voice'
Whispers returning peace.
Thy tears are precious in the sight
Of ONE who marks their flow,
Who purposes of mercy formed,
Six thousand years ago!

Thy days of grief are numbered all,
Their sum will soon be told;
The joy of youth, the smiles of GOD,
Shall bless thee as of old;
Shall shed a purer, holier light
Upon thy peaceful brow,
Then beamed upon thy morning hour!
Six thousand years ago!

Thy chosen ones shall live again,
A countless, tearless throng,
To wake creation's voice anew,
And swell the choral song.
Go, Earth! go wipe thy falling tears,
Forget thy heavy wo;
Hope died not with thy first-born sons,
Six thousand years ago! [Knickerbocker.

ATTORNEYS IN CHINA.—No attorneys are allowed by law in China, but some, assuming that character act in that capacity, contrary to the imperial mandate. They are thus curiously described by a literary Chinese—"Villainous and perverse vagabonds, who are fond of making a stir, and who, either by fraudulent or crafty schemes, excite discord, or by disorderly and illegal proceedings, intimidate and impose on the people."

Age should be respected and those who suffer under infirmity or poverty, should be relieved.

Miscellaneous.

A MAN OVERBOARD.

BY A. A. MELVIN.

"Call all hands to bout ship!" was shouted in a quick, loud, and sharp voice, by Capt. Arcott as he strode, trumpet in hand, on the quarter deck of the good ship Alcibiades, then on a homeward bound voyage from Calcutta; and about twelve hours' sail inside of the Gulf Stream, close hauled on a wind and bowling it off at the good smart rate of nine knots by the log.

"All hands to bout ship!" was reiterated by Mr. Mason, the mate, from the lee-waist, and who immediately went forward and began to make preparations for tacking ship.

"Bout ship, down dar," sung out black Sam the Joe Miller of the ships company to the watch below, at the same time thrusting his bullet head half way down the forescuttle and setting his phiz on a broad grin.

"No, we'll not bout ship down here!" said little Ned Arcott, "we'll go on deck to do that."

"Yah! yah! why you is smart, you is, massa Ned, raaly getting smart, sa; sumfin must be gwine to happen to you fore soon, I declar."

"Sumfin will happen to you fore soon, you imp of darkness, if you don't take that ink-bottle phiz out of the skuttle," rejoined Ned as he came slowly up out of the forecastle, buttoning his vest and rubbing his eyes, for he had been taking a nap in his afternoon watch below.

Ned Arcott was a short, plump rosy cheeked, black-eyed, and mischief-loving little fellow as ever knotted a reef point or handled a deck swab; he was about fifteen years old, and the only son of the Captain, who, being an old salt himself, and having served twelve years before the mast, when young, was determined that Ned should acquire a practical as well as theoretical knowledge of seamanship, and never have it thrown in his teeth, that he had crawled in at the cabin windows; he therefore kept him in the forecastle with the crew and showed him no favors—indeed there were those on board who said that the old man would ride him down harder than any boy on board the ship, but that can easily be accounted for by an overstrained wish to be impartial on the Captain's part, or a mis-conception on the part of those who asserted it as a fact.—But that was neither here nor there, Ned, as may well be supposed, being the Captain's son, and a merry, good-hearted, fearless fellow, was a favorite of all hands, from the chief mate down to the Jemmy Ducks, who who was as original a specimen of a Patlander as ever dug turf, and there was not a man on board of the ship but would have risked his life for little Ned, the reefer, any day.

"All ready for'ard?" cried Captain Alcott.

"Aye, aye, Sir, all ready!" was the reply.

"Put your helm down there, my man," said he, turning his head and nodding to the man at the wheel.

Hard down went the wheel in a moment, and the noble ship swept round into the wind with a majesty and grace icomparable.

"Let go and haul."

Whir-r-r-r went the after yards as they went round in a moment.

"Well, the after yards; head yards now, —there, there, that's well, all well, board the main tack and haul aft the sheet; there, well off all, belay—"

In a few minutes every brace was hauled taut, every sheet aft, all the ropes laid up, and everything ataunto, whilst Capt. Arcott resumed his station on the quarter deck, and was again anxiously watching the aspect of the weather which looked rather squally in the west. After walking the deck for a few minutes and scrutinizing the motion of the clouds closely, he turned quickly in his walk.

"Mr. Mason," said he, "clew up those top gallant sails, and haul down that flying jib, and stow them, for I think we may as well take in our light sail first as last, for we shall have to do it to-night, I fear."

"Aye, aye, sir!" was the response, and soon the mate and crew were busy in clewing up the light sails and stowing them.

"Come, come, my boys, where are you all?" said Mr. Mason, as he looked round and saw no one furling the flying jib, "come hurrah, there, Ned, lay out there to that flying jib—lay out—" and away cleared two or three of the crew, and in advance of all was Ned.

"Look out for yourself, Ned, and don't get slat off that boom," said Jack Brown, who was next to him.

"Never fear me, Jack, I can hold on with my eyelids," was the reply, and he had scarcely uttered it before the ship plunged heavily into a head sea, and rising on it quickly, gave the flying jib-boom a smart, quick jerk, and threw Ned over the boom with such force as to wrench his hands from the life ropes, and down he went head foremost under the ship's bow.

"A man overboard!" was shrieked by those on the jib boom, with a fearful shrillness that thrilled on every nerve.

Oh! what is there that will paralyze the heart and dry up the fountains of speech and thought for an instant, and for an instant only, like the shriek that bears to the ear the sound of death. For a second every one seemed dead, so still and horror-struck did they stand; but it was only a second.

"A man overboard!" shrieked every voice almost simultaneously.

"What! who?" cried Capt. Arcott, bewildered, apparently, and jumping to the break of the quarter.

"Gor a'mighty, Cap'n," cried Sam, "massa Ned is overboard, sa!"

"Hard down the helm! hard down," shouted the Captain, jumping to the wheel in an instant, and helping the man to heave down—"lay aft and square in the afteryards—let go the lee braces," he continued, leaping to the lee main brace and casting it off, "rise main tack and sheet—throw overboard those hen coops and empty barrels;" at the same time he cast an anxious look of horror to the windward and astern, and there saw little Ned, as he rose on the crest of a sea that threw him half out of the water, wave his little blue cap in token of a long farewell.

"Oh! my boy," he groaned, "Oh God! that I should lose him. Clear away that quarter boat, some of you. Mr. Mason, for God's sake attend to clearing away that boat, I will see to those yards."

"Oh! he's gone, he's gone, Neddy's gone," cried Mrs. Ambury a Consul's lady, that had taken passage with us at Calcutta, and with whom little Ned was a great favorite, and who rushed on deck at the first outcry, and had stationed herself abaft the round house, wringing her hands, and screaming at the top of her lungs to cheer Ned, telling him to strive and keep himself up for the boat was going to him.

"Oh! no ma'am, dar he is on de top ob de next wave, I see de blue cap; he was only in de trof ob de sea," said Sambo.

"Cut, cut!" cried Capt. Arcott to the men at the boat, "don't for heaven's sake stop to unknot anything, but cut and let go by the run."

"Is the boat ready, Mr. Mason?" continued the Captain with great vehemence.

"Yes, sir, all ready, but it is only death to lower it in this sea."

"What! What, sir! are you rfraid to go in the boat? Out of the way, sir, I'll go and teach you your duty—lower away," cried he to the crew, six of whom, good stout fellows, had stationed themselves in the boat, at the same time the Captain jumped on the rail.

"No, sir, hold hold on: I am not afraid to lose my life in the performance of a duty, and especially a duty of this kind—I merely spoke of the hazard to remind you of a duty you will owe to me if I am lost—Capt. Arcott—my Mother," and a tear stood in the poor fellow's eye.

"Enough Mr. Mason, enough, I know all you would say, she shall be cared for; I've wronged you; and here's my hand. Go and God bless you. Your duty is there, mine is here."

"Lower away my fine fellows, and don't get swamped alongside, lower away roundly, now's the time, just as the sea leaves you,—let go," and the boat dropped into the sea on the crest of a wave that bore them some distance from the ship, drenching the crew, and half filling the boat. "Bail two of you, and give way, the rest," said Mason, seizing the tiller and turning the boat's head to the sea.

"God bless you, Mason, you'll save him yet," said the Captain, apparently much relieved as he saw the promtitude and decision which Mr. Mason exercised in this emergency.

Such of the ship's crew as were left on board, now assembled aft to watch the progress of the boat, and to catch a glimpse of little Ned as he rose now and then on the crest of a wave. That faint, heart-sick and death-like feeling that ever pervades the heart of man, when he looks on his own, or his fellow being's danger and is unable to obviate it, was stamped on the features of all—not a breath, not a whisper for a long while escaped them, but with eyes intently fixed on the boat and Ned they gazed. The gallant boat breasted the wave as if determined of itself to save her little guardian, for it was Ned's boat that was manned to save him.

"If he can hold out but a minute longer," whispered one.

"Oh, he'll do dat sa! he's game, massa.—Ned is game to de back bone," said black Sambo.

Capt. Arcott had seized his spy glass and ascended the mizen rigging as far as the top, immediately after the boat left the ship, and there seated himself on the boatswain's locker, he watched the fate of his boy. As may well be imagined, his whole soul, and apparently his life, seemed wrapped in the issue. His cheek now pale and his breath restrained as he beheld the boat with her brave crew sink down in the trough of the sea, and his body would stoop unconsciously, to accompany the act; now his body would rise and his cheek flush, and his eye brighten as the little boat rose on the next wave.

"A few strokes more, my brave fellows, and he is saved."

"Oh! my God! he is gone when almost within their grasp. No! NO! they have him, they have him!"—and the over-excited Captain fell back for an instant on the locker, from which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he had risen, and the glass fell with a heavy crash on the deck.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" burst from those on deck, and was borne over the wave far to the leeward, with a joyful shrillness that seemed to wake the very deep.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" echoed the boat's crew as they stood with barred and perspiring brows and heaving breasts over their rescued pet. Oh! 'twas a scene for a painter, those hardy, red-shirted seamen standing over little Ned with tears of joy in their eyes, unmindful of the ocean's rage; danger—why, what was it to them? their lives daily, let old Neptune roar, what cared they? They had their pet—they had him but not safe—he was yet to be taken on board, which was not the least dangerous part of the feat. Mr. Mason, after seeing Ned placed across a thwart in as good a position as possible, seized upon the tiller, and the little boat was soon riding over the waves like a sea-gull. His skill alone saved them, for several times the boat nearly filled with water, but he watched the sea with an eagle eye, and was soon alongside.

Captain Arcott seeing the boat safe under the lee quarter, now descended from the mizen-top, vowing to himself that he never would step foot on board ship again unless she was well provided with life-boats and buoys.

A rope was thrown, and Mr. Mason with little Ned in his arms was drawn on board.—Ned was immediately taken to the cabin by the Capt. and steward and was soon restored.

Mr. Mason took charge of the quarter deck, had the after yards filled away and braced up, the tack and sheet aboard, and soon no one would have known that any thing unusual had occurred, unless they noticed the self-satisfied air worn by every one, or had seen the frequent glances directed to the cabin doors. Soon Ned made his appearance, looking a little pale after his dive, but a smile was on his lip and a tear in his eye as he grasped the hands of his ship mates, all of whom collected around him on the forecastle. Jemmy Ducks, the Patlander, elbowed himself thro' the crowd, and after viewing Ned for a moment with great surprise, he exclaimed—

"An' sure, is this little Ned that was drowned?"

"No, Jemmy, I was not drowned, I was only *ducked*."

Next voyage the Alcibiades had one of the best of Francis' Patents and two whale boats, whilst little Ned, the reefer, took his grub in the cabin.—*Columbian Magazine.*

For The Voice of Industry.

Letters from the West Indies.—No. 1.

HAVANA, NOV. 26, 1845.

MR. EDITOR:—At the suggestion of several persons I forward you this letter, and may continue to send you occasionally a letter for publication, in your paper, in which I shall attempt to describe some of the manners and customs of the West Indies, together with other incidents of general interest.

Yours &c. J. C. S.

Leaving Lowell--Voyage--Incidents--Arrival—Streets and Buildings--Mode of Travelling--Mode of using Oxen --Public Square and Music--Lodgings &c.

Leaving the "City of Spindles," on the 27th of October, in the morning train of cars, by the aid of the 'Steam horse,' I found myself in Boston, and on board a craft bound for Havana, about 9 o'clock A. M., all ready for a start. This was a little faster travelling than any that I have found on the broad expanse of waters, although both steam engines and ships are wonderful inventions, that have emanated from the minds of men, or that worthy portion of them, our mechanics.

To those who embark on the rolling deep for the first time, there is something inexpressibly grand and solemn in the scene around. There floats our little vessel, seeming but a bubble on the broad expanse of waters. The blue sky, at night-time studded with bright stars, (and, perchance, the scene lighted by moon's silver rays,) throws its canopy around us, as if to shut us out from all terrestrial objects. The bright foam sparkles around us, but few indeed are the objects to break the monotony of the scene. Seemingly solitary and alone we pursue our way over the boundless ocean. In the day-time perhaps a whale may be seen spouting at a distance, and a shark or a few dolphins or porpoises playing around us. Occasionally a sea-gull or a number of 'Mother Carey's chickens' flit about us, while a few flying-fish, were seen leaping for a few rods over the water, and looking like a streak of silver.

A vessel in sight, is hailed with joy, and many are the surmises, who she is, where she is bound, where she came from, &c., &c.—A description of such incidents, with many others that form interesting topics of conversation for us at sea, would weary your readers and be of little or no interest to them.—One of the most interesting incidents is seasickness. Most truly can he who is afflicted with it say to him who is not, "It may be sport to you, but it seems like death to me;" for to him whose inner-man heaves sympathetically with every heave of the vessel, and in whose mind seem to arise awful forebodings as to the possibility of being turned inside out—to whose taste all dishes appear alike unpalatable, and all drinks nauseous, going to sea is no joke. However, this soon wears away, and he who has been afflicted can console himself with the reflection that he has had experience in sea-sickness.

While on our passage we experienced almost every kind of weather, from very fine to exceedingly boisterous; head-winds, calms, and favorable breezes included. A severe gale while in the Gulf Stream and off cape Hatteras, drove us much off from our course so that we were about twenty-five days at sea, which made us heartily wish to see our place of destination before we reached it.

Most things have an end—so did our voyage; and on the 20th day of November 1845, we caught sight of Havana—passed a little fort, whose iron commandments frowned at us very savagely—entered the "Moro" and cast anchor. A number of boats came alongside, the principal one containing a Government officer, who demanded our passports. These he obtained, and told us we could go on shore if we wished. A number of persons from the other boats then swarmed on board, giving us many different cards of "the best boarding house in the city;" offering to take out our landing permits, &c.

The streets of the city are rather narrow and some of them crooked. Those persons who have read a Spanish romance, can best judge of the looks of the buildings, from the description therein given. They seem to present a reality for the imagination of ancient days, castles, &c., and are mostly built of stone and masonry.

The kind of carriage in which most people ride, here, is built something like our common chaise, only, as the negro said, "a little more so." Two enormous wheels, with the axle-tree projecting behind the body, instead of its being underneath, and the body rests on the shafts which are twelve or fifteen feet long.—Into those is generally harnessed a mule (horses being scarce, although I have seen a few very fine ones,) upon the back of which, in a kind of saddle, made to the harness, is seated a negro, generally dressed in livery, with military boots and spurs on. This is the driver, who is about as troublesome as some of the cabmen of our cities. To add to the queerness of the appearance, the end of the animal's tail is generally braided and tied up to the harness.

Although the teaming is mostly done with mules and Jacks, there are a large number of oxen, the manner of using which would put to blush many of our country farmers. The animals are attached to a cart somewhat resembling some of our farmer's hay-carts—the yoke is placed on the back of the head, and fastened about the horns instead of around the neck—a rope is passed through the animal's nose, which answers the the same purpose as reins to horses—and the driver is armed with a huge cudgel, eight or ten feet long, having an iron point, and putting one in mind of Goliath's spear.

I have not now time to narrate to you many more strange sights, and must therefore defer them for the present.

A common or public square of rather small dimensions, but neatly laid out with paved walks, about which a few flowers yield their fragrance, and which is slightly shaded with palm trees, forms a fine place for an evening promenade. A band generally performs here about an hour each evening. We listened to several well performed and beautiful pieces, but there was a wildness, and singularity about them to which we were not accustomed, although many of the instruments were such as our best bands in the United States use.

After having listened to the music, we started for our lodgings. Passing along the principal street we entered an arch, and going up to the second story, were lighted to our room.—It had an odd look like every thing else; for there were no glass windows like our own, but massive shutters; and instead of carpets, the floor was made of Italian marble. Over the bed was hung a musquito bar, made of a sort of drapery, to defend us from the midnight attacks of these troublesome animals; while you *tender hearted* people at home might have been crying with cold fingers.—And so having spent our first day in the West Indies, we quietly arranged ourselves for a comfortable nights repose.

WEALTH.

Those things that are necessary to our subsistence, our comfort and our convenience constitute wealth. In this sense of the term money cannot be called wealth, because if things necessary for our subsistence, our comfort and our convenience were not produced, money alone would be useless. An Island of gold, though beautiful to the sight, would be a place of certain destruction to the unfortunate beings who might be thrown upon its desolate shores. The gold of itself would afford neither subsistence nor comfort. In this respect it would be incomparably less valuable than an Island of like extent covered with swamps and morasses, because these could be subdued by the power of labor, and converted into rich pastures and fruitful fields, but Herculean toil could not improve the sterility of the golden surface.

We know that by the common consent of mankind, money measures the value of those things which constitute wealth, and on this account is often mistaken for wealth itself. The difference however, between them is very wide. Money stands in the same relation to wealth that the foot rule does to length and breadth. The uses of the two are similar. They are both measures, the one of value, the other of length and breadth. The former measures the value of a house, or a piece of timber in the same way that the latter measures the width and length of a house, and the number of feet contained in the piece of timber.

In view of these facts it is very certain that money is not wealth any more than foot rules are length and breadth. The wealth of a country would not be diminished one atom more by the destruction of money, than would the length and breadth of a piece of timber by the destruction of foot rules. Wealth, then, is as independent of money as length and breadth are of the instruments with which they are measured.

In the earliest ages of society all business transactions were carried on by exchanges of wealth for wealth, or in other words by swap or barter. But when population and business had much increased, this mode of measurement was found to be too inconvenient, and money was substituted.

Custom has now so completely familiarized mankind to this commodity, that they seem to have lost sight of the object for which it was invented, and have attached to it the idea of wealth itself. That this notion is altogether erroneous, we will suppose that all the money in these States was instantly destroyed, would there be any less real wealth? Certainly not. The productive power of labor would be the same, the lands would not be diminished in quantity or less fertile. In a word, real wealth would be undisturbed by the destruction of its measures, however much individuals might be inconvenienced.

The event would place the community in the same condition relative to the measure of value, that a carpenter would be placed in, who had a quantity of lumber to measure and had lost his rule. In neither instance would the things to be measured be at all effected by the circumstance.

As money, then, is not wealth, it is very evident that the possessors of wealth can enjoy all the advantages which it can bestow without money. But very different is the condition of the owners of money. Unless wealth is within their reach and can be obtained for money, miserable indeed is their situation.—They may be completely encircled with gold and silver and yet subjected to the pains of cold and hunger. Hence the advantages of a community possessing wealth over one possessing money, are incalculably great. To illustrate this fact, we will suppose that two islands in the neighborhood of each other contain the like number of inhabitants, and that both communities are equally rich, the one in wealth and the other in money, it requires no Solomon to decide which is the most independent.

Tangible wealth, then, for raiment, houses, lands, &c., constitute the elements of independence—the substantial foundation of social comfort. The nation that possesses these blessings in the greatest abundance and distributes them the most equally, is the most independent, the most happy. Yet with these facts staring them in the face, there are not a few persons who seem to think that money is the main constituent of wealth; that without this the people must be poor, although the lands are fertile, and the population numerous, intelligent, skilful and industrious. Hence they are using their utmost exertions to flood the country, even with spurious money, lest there should not be enough. But their conduct is fraught with the most dangerous consequences, alike injurious to the happiness of the people and the stability of their free institutions. The object of the persons engaged in this game of political fraud, is to obtain for their spurious and useless measures of value the real wealth produced by labor. But we trust the people will ere long discover their intentions, and take measures to thwart their plans before it is too late.

We hope the time will soon come when the multitude will be fully satisfied that little money can measure much value, equally as well as much money little value; and also that paper money is not only a very costly commodity to the people, but what is still worse, that it is a stupendous fraud inflicted upon them.—*U. S. Journal.*

Labor in New-York.

ITS CIRCUMSTANCES, CONDITIONS AND REWARDS.

NO. IV.—THE PRINTERS—AGAIN.

The invention of the Napier Press and application of steam-power to printing, have produced an entire revolution in the business.—Previous to this, all printing was executed on the hand Press, which had been gradually improving upon its original rude construction for two centuries, until the solid iron Press, worked by lever power, was though to be the perfection of this machine; its simplicity, excellence and durability seeming to stamp upon it the vaunting inscription of the Pillars of Hercules, *nihil ultra.*' At first, the Napier was used only in Newspaper offices, where it quickly became invaluable from the rapidity of its execution. In the course of a few years it was further improved so as to be used in printing the cheaper qualities of books—as school books, &c., and a new discovery being made about this time in paper-making, by which printing-paper could be manufactured to any required size and with increased expedition and facility, the Napier began to be used in Book Offices generally, until at the present time it has entirely superseded the hand Press for general work—the latter being used only in Job printing and extra-fine works designed for the centre-table.

The Adams' Press is a machine of American invention, worked by steam-power, but on the same principle as the hand Press. Harpers' Pictorial Bible is worked on this Press.

So late as 1834 the hand Presses were universal in the Book Offices, employing a large number of workmen. Five, ten and fifteen Presses in an office were common, and Harper and Brothers and the Methodist Book Concern ran upwards of forty each. Ten dollars per week was the average earnings of the Pressman, which was vastly superior to those of Compositors, and the reason was that the employers could never make two thirders Pressmen—the business demanding a workman and no sham. The introduction of the Napier and Adams' Presses threw eventually nine-tenths of these men out of employment, and a solitary sort of folorn hope only are found in their places, or near them, gazing upon the Napiers and the foreign force which surrounds them.

At the present time, one-half at least of all the persons working as Compositors, are mere type-setters, and not printers or workmen in the strict sense of the word. They are scarcely competent to make up the matter they set, and would be as much bothered as a bodmin if called upon to impose and make ready a form for the press. This has been the result partly of the method in which some of the larger establishments did their work more than twenty years ago, and partly through the recent improvement in paper-making spoken of, and the introduction of the Napier Press.—In the first instance, Book Offices employed a large number of hands, of whom three-fifths might be un-apprenticed boys, employed a few good workmen by the week to impose, &c., deducting one and a half or two cents per page from each of the Compositors. By this means work was expedited and type setters rapidly made. In the second instance, mammoth sheets and Napier Presses gave the first impulse to cheap publications, and these, rushed out as they were, and continue to be, made it incumbent to adopt the same rule generally, viz, a few good workmen to make up and impose, while the rest set up the copy and pay a deduction of two cents per thousand to the office.

It is to the improved Napier Press that the public is indebted for the cheap papers, and thousands who fifteen years ago were fain to resort to the grog-shops of an evening to learn or read the daily news, have it now brought to their doors at a price less than the interest of the money they went to expend in those dens of ruin. As something of an offset to this, it must be admitted that the same cause has greatly increased the dissemination of worthless and immoral reading, tending to illiterate and deprave both the taste and feeling; and although works of an opposite tendency continue to be published, they have not been and are not encouraged to the same extent with the romantic and injurious.

We remarked in a former number, that of the Journeymen Printers, who come to own establishments, few become rich. We can look back through a space of thirty years, and call to remembrance some eight or ten who have passed to the second edition of existence and who were considered wealthy, maintaining their credit to the last. Some who lived to see the commencement of the strife of competition, were worth a plain, and content with their gains, retired from the field, resigning their business to others, most of whom were unsuccessful. Luxury has ruined Printers as well as others. Within the last twenty years, we have seen several establishments suddenly spring up, and flourish, and expand as it were by magic. Fortunes were quickly made and as quickly lost—adepts in making money, they failed in securing it. Expensive styles of living, a fine house, carriage, &c., speculation and gentility, soon emptied the well-filled coffers,—and ultimately they exemplified in themselves the truth of a trite observation, that some people on horseback and they will ride,—like Gilpin, in one feature at least, getting down where they first got up.

Besides, there are those among the fortunate ones, who do not subscribe to the maxim, 'Live and let live.' Like Bonaparte, they cannot and will not brook a rival in the empire of letters. Doing the higher book business on the most extensive scale, and possessing the means for any emergency, they frown upon and usually overcome the small efforts of their brethren to make a living;—they are known to have expended three and four thousand dollars per annum in this crusade, which accounts for the recent and continued sale of popular works in numbers, at prices below the cost of paper and binding. These things ruin the Journeymen. If one publisher sells works below cost to overthrow another, he will of course, fill his establishment with boys and two-thirders, who are themselves obliged to shoal at twenty-one before the renewing and ever-advancing schools of smaller fry.

Several attempts were made some years back, to introduce girls into Printing Offices as Compositors, but the practice was soon abandoned. Girls are, however, employed on most of the power presses run in Book Offices, as the labor of these machines, is more suitable for feminine hands.

We conclude by remarking that, so far as Journeymen are concerned, the golden age of Printing is passing away. The increase of Printing Offices is the certain increase of the number of boys and two-thirders, and the decrease of prices; and those who are yet in the unimpaired possession of youth and vigor, had better turn their eyes and footsteps toward the rich lands of the West, where independence and plenty may be found. Here they may continue for a few years to wear fine clothes, and promenade before the splendid mansions of the rich; but they are slaves while they remain, despite their proud boasts of freemen, living from hand to mouth, and seldom in possession of twenty dollars clear of the world. Pride and poverty are miserable companions. Let them leave the first with their fashionable garments behind them, and betake themselves to the soil. Our word for it, industry and resolution will overcome all difficulties, and while they should expect to meet and face minor evils, want will not be among the number.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Human Health and Longevity.

We have in the United States, at the present time, about 20,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these 10,000,000 (unless something is done to prevent it) will die of fevers; 5,000,000 of scrofulous diseases, including consumption; 3,000,000 of dyspepsia, liver and bowels complaints; and 1,000,000 of brain and nervous diseases. To hasten, to their progress these diseases, we have every year, at least 40,000,000 of hard colds.

About two-fifths of all who are born die under five years of age; and the average duration of life is considerably less that 50 years; whereas it ought to be at least 100. Mankind do not "live out half their days."

The births in the United States yearly are from 400,000 to 500,000. Of this number of children, one in fifteen, or more than 25,000 are still born; more than 300,000 inherit from their parents a diseased constitution; and a majority die young. And the average loss of time by ill health, to those who survive, is at least a year and a half—and is most fearfully increasing.

But we are mis-educated and maltreated from the cradle to the grave. Our dwellings, shops, factories, schoolhouses, churches, are miserably constructed, so far as health is concerned; and still more miserably heated and ventilated. Our "prison birds" are far better off, in this respect, than we are. Our employments, our agriculture, horticulture, mechanics and manufactures are unhealthfully conducted. Our children are often bred to wrong employments. Most of us live, daily and hourly, at the expense of life. We have, still, despite of much effort, an ocean of intemperance. And prof. Caldwell of Louisville, says, we have a hundred gluttons to every drunkard

Again, we are destroyed by the custom of dosing and drugging. Not so much by the drugging of sensible medical men, however, as in a domestic practice, and in the daily walks of life. Nearly every person, of every age, is drugged more or less. We mingle medicine even with our food and drink. These are the few of the many causes which operate to render our world, as it were, a vast hospital, and to remove far from us, as a general fact every thing like healthy old age or natural death. Nearly all die by violence, as much so (only more slowly,) as if the knife, the halter, the guillotine were the instruments of their destruction. We manufacture for ourselves a formidable host of diseases, by means of which we perish.

Now the human frame was made to *wear out* not to *be torn to pieces* by violence. Disease is not in ordinary sense of the term, a "judgment" of Heaven. Nor does it come through "the malice of Satan." Nor does it come by "chance" or hap-hazards. It is self-inflicted. It comes of ourselves, our fellows, and our progenitors. It comes from transgression of the laws of Nature, natural and moral.

Let there be a reform. Let us cease to do evil and learn to do well. Let it be our object, by correct physical education and self management (not by drugs and medicines) to manufacture health with as much pains and care as we have hitherto manufactured disease.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for.—The abolition of idleness want and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

LOWELL, DECEMBER 19, 1845.

Manchester Operatives Again.

Great Meeting at the Town Hall—The Ten Hour System—Opposition—Its Reception—The Manchester Factory Girls, and their spirited organization, on Friday night last.

By request from our Manchester friends we found ourself, together with some of the *fair invincibles* of Lowell, making our way towards the manufacturing emporium of the "Old Granite State," with the characteristic speed of old "Mars," after devouring a half cord of "hard pine," and a hogshead or two of the Merrimack to wash it down.

We arrived at the Manchester depot, about two o'clock, P. M.—found the Scotchman, (J. C. Cluer;) awaiting our arrival and "*looking queer*," (pleased) to see us on the ground for the evening meeting.

After enjoying a luxurious half hour before a flaming New-Hampshire fire, and receiving many congratulations upon the interest felt by the operatives and workingmen of Manchester in the cause of industrial reform, we strolled about the beautiful and thriving village, which has risen Phœnix like, from the Sand-banks of old Derryfild, until the hour arrived for the contemplated meeting to commence; and a more glorious one never convened, where rests the remains of New-Hampshire's honored Stark.

Notwithstanding a great effort was made by by the Corporations and their tools to prevent the operatives from attending the meeting, more than a thousand were present in a short space of time after the ringing of the factory bells.

The spacious Town Hall was filled to overflowing and hundreds, we are told, went away being unable to get in, and a more attentive, orderly and interesting audience, it has not been our fortune to witness.

Mr. Cluer Addressed the meeting with his usual pathos and ability, urging the necessity of united action on the part of the operatives and the workingmen of this country, to protect themselves against the great system of organized capital and commercial feudalism which are waring upon the industry of the American operatives and fast reducing them to want, dependence and circumstantial slavery.

He administered a scorching castigation to Warland, editor of the corporation organ of that place, who had resorted to all means to defend and uphold the "darling system" of legal robbery against the truths which Mr Cluer had poured out upon it during his lectures in that place. He even professed to be very religious, and a great advocate of *temperance*, for the purpose of working upon the prejudices of the people by accusing Cluer of being an infidel and a falsifier, because he had stated, that he had admired the republican sentiments expressed in "Paine's rights of Man," and that Warland was not entitled to much regard, as a true friend to virtuous industry, being a man of intemperate habits. Mr. C. showed him up to be an enemy to true religion, temperance and the prosperity of our people as a Christian and Republican nation. His remarks were warmly applauded by the audience, showing that they appreciate! the truth of his sentiments and justice of the cause.

After Mr. Cluer sat down we were called upon and detained the meeting a short time in urging the necessity of *action* and organization among the producing portion of the country.

In the course of our remarks, we introduced the following resolution:

"In view of the alarming increase of the evils of factory labor, as it now exists, the tendency of which is a gradually subvert the republican institutions of our country and fill the land with a dependent, overworked and much oppressed populace, and spread disease and poverty among our people, therefore

RESOLVED, That we, the operatives of Manchester, do fully and heartily concur with the plan proposed by our friends of Pittsburg and Alleghany city, and adopted nearly throughout the manufacturing country; that the Fourth of July 1846, shall be, the day fixed upon by the operatives of America, to declare their INDEPENDENCE of the oppressive Manufacturing power, which has been imported from Old monarchial England, and now being engrafted upon the business institutions of our country; provided the manufacturers shall *practically* signify an unwillingness to mutually adopt the 'Ten Hour System.'"

The vote on this resolution was put in Mr. Cluer's peculiar style, and the universal demonstration in its favor, altogether exceeded our most sanguine anticipations; hands, mouths, and handkerchiefs, a perfect ocean of them, were raised by the *real* operatives of Manchester in manifesting their approval of the plan which it proposes.

The resolute determination of the Manchester factory girls, is worthy of commendation and gives the lie to the arguments of those who contend that the operatives are contented with their present condition, and would not have the time of labor reduced if they could.

Although the hour was now quite late, no signs of weariness was manifested by the audience. A committee of gentlemen having been chosen to draft a constitution for a workingmen's Association, the male portion of the meeting were requested to withdraw while the females organized their Association, but what did leave, went away with great reluctance, and finally the remaining were requested to be seated while the ladies proceeded with their business, with which they cheerfully complied.

Miss Bagley of Lowell presented a constitution, for their acceptance, accompanied with some remarks, characterized throughout for their candor, truthfulness and beauty and evidently made a powerful impression upon those present. The constitution was adopted and the necessary officers chosen with energy and despatch, showing that there was no scarcity of *materials* among the Manchester factory girls, for any such event. We shall publish the list of officers next week. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour (nearly eleven) about sixty names were immediately subscribed to the constitution and hundreds of others stand ready as soon as a favorable opportunity presents itself—the meeting then adjourned.

Thus ended one of the most rational and enthusiastic meetings ever held in New England,—it did honor to the producing sons and daughters of Manchester, and may God bless their future efforts and crown their labors with abundant success.

Among the many means resorted to by the enemies of free labor, at Manchester, to destroy the influence of the meeting on Friday evening, vile slander was not missing. We regret exceedingly that there here those calling themselves men of respectability, in our so-called *virtuous* and *christian* New England, who are base enough to falsify the character of the innocent, to gratify the selfish interest of a gang of purse proud aristocrats, who in return dole out a few crumbs from their sumptuous tables, as a reward for such slavish servility. But Manchester contains a few such choice spirits, and we advise the operatives and working people of that place to beware of the poisonous shafts of such enemies to the freedom and elevation of the working classes.

We learn, with much pleasure, from the Cabotville Chronicle, that the Corporations in Cabotville have added twelve and a half cents per week to the board of the operatives in their employ. The corporations held back to the last, but the advance on provisions compelled them to comply with the urgent demands of the poor women who are drudging out their lives in unmitigated toil, which goes to swell the princely fortunes of speculating drones. Thus it will be seen that the corporations are not entitled to any praise for this step, having been driven to it from actual necessity; which clearly evinces the entire heartlessness of the popular plea that the pecuniary interests of the capitalist and laborer are mutual, under the present arrangement.

☞ Mr Dudley Heath, in the employ of the Concord and Nashua Rail Road Co. as clerk in the merchandize department, was almost instantly killed while engaged in connecting the engine to the train last Wednesday morning.

The cars were freighted with timber, which projected within a few inches of the tender, and while Mr Heath was engaged in hitching them together, they accidently came in contact, crushing his head in a shocking manner, and causing almost instant death.

Mr. Heath was about 25 years of age and has left a young wife to mourn the sad event.

TEXAS ANNEXED.—We learn from the yesterday's Mail, that the 'Annexation bill' has passed the House by a vote of *one hundred* and fifty one, to fifty three.

☞ We notice by the last New-England Washingtonian, that its late able editor, Edmund Burke, has been suddenly called to New Orleans, leaving the editorial charge of that paper to John F. Coles, Esq. We have ever looked upon the Washingtonian as one of the most consistent and thorough going advocate of primative Washingtonianism, that the country affords, and we hope under its new administration, we shall peruse its columns with no less interest than in former days.

SATURDAY EVENING—ALL OUT!!

A "Ten Hour" meeting will be held at the CITY HALL, on Saturday evening, commencing at 1-2 past 6 o'clock. John C. Cluer will be present and address the meeting. Let there be a general turn out of the operatives and workingmen of Lowell.

☞ Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith, will deliver a Lecture on LABOR, at Wentworth's Hall next Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Admittance 12 1-2 cts. at the door—the proceeds to be applied to the Peace cause.

☞ We are sorry to hear through our agent at Leomister that the Voice is not regularly received by some of our numerous subscribers in that town.

The papers are all mailed with care, and the names of our subscribers put upon the margin and we hope there will be no trouble hereafter.

Will our friends forbear.

☞ Our friend J. S. H. of Milbury, is informed, that his letter containing the $1.00 was duly received.

For The Voice of Industry.

Springfield, Dec. 13.

Friend Young:—Since writing to you last, I have had an opportunity of visiting a part of the state, not seen by me before. One thing I noticed in this vicinity, is worthy the imitation of others, which may be said to be a home insurance office, consisting of a small fire proof brick building, in the yard for the safe deposite of hot ashes, instead of placing them in wooden vessels, in different parts of the house or shed, to the sorrow of many persons, and probably will be again. You have no doubt heard of the robbery at the three Rivers, which happened in the street near my lodgings.—This bold and desperate affair, brought vividly to my mind, the brutal attack and robbery of the chairman of our board of directors, last summer, at West Roxbury, but thank Heaven, they have not robbed him of his manhood—he yet lives, to exert his influence—to put a stop to legal, as well as illegal robbery. The robbers of the pedlar have not yet been taken, *although* your townsman Gray of the Express, *has been in Springfield after them.*

At Chicopee Falls, I met with an individual calling himself an infidel, as many definitions are given to that word, perhaps it would be of no use to give a new one; in this case, it was in practice what christianity is in theory. As I was a stranger he took me in, hungry and he fed me, without money and without price.—Going from Chicopee to Northampton, I crossed the Connecticut at South Hadley by the Swing Ferry. This was something new to me, and operates as near as I can describe it, in the following manner: a foundation is built in the middle of the river, a pole is placed within this abutment, another on the top of this, where a wide chain is placed, reaching down the river 100 yards, where it fastens to the boat a few feet from bow with a man at the stearn. The stream takes the boat rapidly across, arriving in Ireland safely; this, you are aware, is not the land of Emmet or O'Connel but a small factory village. Meeting a person in the street, I ventured to speak to him, he proved one of the right stamp; making known my mission, his reply was, that he would aid me all he could in the circulation of the Voice. At Northampton I had the pleasure of an interview with Dr. Graham, the celebrated dietic reformer, I then visited the community, which is in rather an unsettled condition, having recently sold a large factory together with 90 acres of land. Their principal manufactur is sewing silk a part of which is raised on their farm, and the remainder is imported from China in a raw state. They work but ten hours a day, and very light work at that; there are two other silk factories in town, working the same time. One Messrs. Valentine & Co., is in want of more girls acquainted with the business; pay 1,50 to 2 dollars per week. Came over the Rail Road from Northampton to Springfield this day being the first day of the cars running through, distance 15 miles. One word about Springfield, which is: it is one of the most intemperate places I have been in for many years; not a temperance house in it, but an abundance of rum taverns, which are fast leading young men to destruction and early graves.

Yours for the cause of humanity.

N. W. BROWN, Agt.

Uncharitableness Rebuked.—A friend has furnished us with the following just rebuke upon the sectarian uncharitableness of the day, which we hope will be read with consideration and duly applied:

"And it came to pass after those things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun, and behold a man bent with age, came from the way of the wilderness leaning on a staff, and Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, turn in I pray thee and wash thy feet and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early in the morning and go on thy way; and the man said nay, for I will abide under this tree. But Abraham pressed him greatly, so he turned and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unlevened bread and they did eat, and when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, 'wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of Heaven and Earth,' and the man answered and said: 'I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name, for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in my house and proveth me with all things.' And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows, into the wilderness; and God called unto Abraham, saying: 'Abraham, where is the stranger,' and Abraham answered and said: 'Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name, therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.' And God said: 'have I not borne with him these hundred and ninety years, and nourished and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion againt me, and could'st not thou, who art a sinner thyself a sinner, bear with him one night.'"

The Magnetic Telegraph between New York and Philadelphia will probably be completed next week.

Three children under twelve years of age, were found in New York, on one of the cold nights of last week, sleeping upon a box, having no home to go to.

From the United States Journal.

SCRAPS OF USEFUL INFORMATION.

I see that many of the newspapers of the country are copying into their columns "Scraps of Curious Information," from the New York Gazette. While reading the interesting medley of facts they embrace, I conceived the idea, that a few scraps of more specific and sober information, if prepared with unimpeachable fidelity to truth, might make a salutary impression on the public mind. Here, then, Messrs. Editors, are a few items of such information, which I have collected with some care, and for which I would humbly solicit an admission into some corner of your paper.

The mercantile shipping of the civilized world amounts to about 8,000,000 tons, which is worth, new and old, $30 per ton, and nets clear of interest, insurance, &c, 10 per cent., or $24,000,000, per annum. *The appropriation to the British Navy, for the current year, is, $33,730,200!!* Is not this a sober fact!—that the annual expense of one nation's navy exceeds the net profit of all the mercantile shipping owned by the civilized world?

The war-debts of the European nations amount to $10,000,000,000. It would require the labor of *four millions* of men, at $150 per annum for each man, to pay the *interest* of this sum at 6 per cent. To pay the principal, it would be necessary to levy a tax of at least Ten Dollars on every inhabitant of the globe! Another fact, rendering this more impressive, may be found in the "scrap of curious information," that no heathen nations are in arrears for the butcheries they have perpetrated on the human race. They pay cash down for all that is done for the evil under their hands. Christian nations alone "go on tick" for that kind of service.

From March 4th 1789, to June 30th, 1845, our Government expended on the War Department $668,338,851. The interest of this sum, at 6 per cent., would build Whitney's great railroad from the Lakes to the Pacific, of 2500 miles in length, at $15,000 per mile; and thus erect a highway for the commerce and communion of the family of nations, which should be reckoned in all coming time one of the greatest enterprises that ever blessed the race.

In 1842, there were produced in the United States, 100,000,000 bushels of wheat and 140,000,000 bushels of Indian corn; which, at $1 per bushel for the former, and 22 cents for the latter, were worth $135,500,000. Fifteen per cent. clear of the interest of the capital invested in lands, implements, hired and personal labor, is a liberal estimate of the profit accruing to the wheat and corn grower. Then the profit of his amount of grain would be $20,325,000. The appropriation to the army an navy, during the same year, was $20,150,501. In other words, the army and navy ate up the whole harvest of wheat and corn throughout the Union. Will not the hard-working farmers think on this fact?

The government, though carrying on extensive armories of its own, has recently contracted with a private company in Connecticut for the supply of 30,000 pistols, at $6,50 each; or 195,000 dollars' worth of those weapons so much in vogue with duelists and assassins.—The American Bible Society congratulates itself on receiving the past year, $166,652, the aggregate of all that has been given through the Union for the dissemination of the Word of Life at home and abroad. So it goes:—Christendom expends more in one year on the means and instruments of human slaughter, than has been given to the promulgation of the Gospel since Jesus Christ died on the cross!

E. B.

Worcester, Nov. 18th, 1845.

How to be Miserable.—Sit at your window and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion, which he has recently built and paid for, and sigh out, "Oh! that I was a rich man!"

Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not got a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, and take a walk in the burial-ground, continually saying to yourself—"When shall I be buried here?"

Sign a note for a friend, and never forget your kindness, and every hour in the day whisper to yourself—"I wonder if he will pay that note?"

Think every body intends to cheat you.—Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine till you have put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Believe every shilling passed to you is but a sixpence crossed, and express your doubts about getting rid of it if you should venture to take it.

Put confidence in nobody, and believe every man you trade with to be a rogue.

Never accommodate if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick nor the afflicted, and never give a farthing to the poor.

Buy as cheap as you can, and screw down to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and the hearts of the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes—your lack of talents, and believe that at no very distant day, you will come to want. Let the work-house be ever in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty.

Then you will be miserable in you heart's content—if we may so speak—sick at heart, and at variance with all the world. Nothing will cheer and encourage you—nothing throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your heart. All will be as dark and cheerless as the grave.

Two-faced Men.

Two-faced men there are; have you not seen them, reader? When in your presence they respect you, and appear to be the most kind-hearted creatures in Christendom. They side with you in every particular, when you relate an occurrence betwen yourself and another, but the moment they are away, they will speak slightingly of your character, and if they can but get another to lisp a word to your discredit, the fever is enlivened, and they open upon you in round terms. If a real friend of yours is present, they say but a few words, but by their manner of speaking—the motion of the hands and the moving of the eyes, every one is led to suppose you are a scoundrel.

Characters like these are seldom engaged in any particular business, but are always about doing something mischievous, interesting themselves in the affairs of others, on purpose to ruin them and deceive the public, they have but little time to attend to their own business—if any they should happen to have.

It is provoking to encounter one of these two-faced characters. Their tongues are as smooth as oil, their faces as calm as serenity itself, and their eyes as melting as charity. But within—oh God!—deliver us from writing a homily on their hearts, or taking one look at their depravity.

When you ascertain that you have opened your feelings to a character of this description, let it be the last time. Pay no attention to his gossip and his tongue, or you have an Herculean task before you, and no benefit results to yourself. Let him talk and lie till he is tired, and when his character is fully known he will be as much noticed as soap bubbles, and perhaps will burst as soon.—*Portland Tribune.*

Something to Think of.—There are something like 60,000 offices held under the General Government, and with few exceptions their incumbents are in the interest of slavery. Their appointments, proceeding from a slave market and generally from a slaveholder, and from a *Government* whose present presiding genius is slaveholding, binds them to fidelity to the slave power. They are sentinels of slavery, scattered over the land and world.

What would the people say were all these officers in alliance with, and controlled by a foreign implacable enemy? Would they think the case demanded their attention and action? Certainly they would. But the liberties of the country would not be half so imminently endangered in that case as in the present.—think of it.

"Born a Slaveholder."—This phrase, often used, is about as sensible as that adopted by the late convention of Socialists in N. York,—"born without their knowledge or consent." Born a slaveholder! Born a holder of stolen horses and sheep just as much, provided such happen to pertain to his father's estate. Slaveholding is doing something; it is a voluntary act. It is this or it is nothing nor a shadow of a thing. And who supposes that children are born thus acting? The use of senseless words and a resort to nonentities has kept facts and realities out of sight in the anti-slavery discussion.—*Bos. Recorder.*

Slavery in Massachusetts.—In old times, when slavery was sanctioned in Massachusetts, a wealthy lady residing in Gloucester, wes in the habit of giving away the infants of har female slaves, a few days after they were born, as people are accustomed to dispose of a litter of kittens. One of her neighbors begged an infant, which, in those days of comparative simplicity, she nourished with her own milk; and reared among her own children.—This woman had an earnest desire for a brocade gown, and her husband not feeling able to purchase one, she sent her little nursling to Virginia and sold her, when she was about seven years old.—*Mrs. Child's History of Women.*

Mormonism.—A letter from the widow of Joe Smith, to the editor of the N. York Sun, is published, in which she says:

"I never for a moment believed in what my husband called his apparitions and revelations, as I thought him laboring under a diseased mind; yet, they may all be true, as a prophet is seldom without credence or honor, excepting in his own family or country; but as my conviction is to the contrary, I shall educate my children in a different faith, and teach them to obey and reverence the laws and institutions of their country. Shall I not, sir, be protected in these resolutions against the annoyance of the men I now oppose? for they will no doubt seek my life."

A Sewing Circle.—Married, at Baltimore, on Fifth day evening, 4th inst., at the house of John Needles, in the order of the society of Friends, William N. Needles, of Philadelphia, to Eliza M. Needles, daughter of John Needles of Baltimore. Further comment is *needless*, it being already a *thread*bare subject.

☞ The Common School Fund of Missouri amounts to $575,667 90; the Seminary fund to $100,000. Dividends have been declared on both, since 1840, to the amount of $105,797 11.

Slaveholders.—The whole number of slaveholders, who are voters, are said not to exceed 72,000, while there are in the free States, nearly a million of voting freemen.

☞ Hay is selling in Woonsocket for $25 a ton.

John B. Gough has so far recovered as to be able to attend public meetings, and, upon being called out, in Faneuil Hall, addressed the assembly for a few minutes.

Profitable Fiddling.—Ole Bull has received, it is said, in this country, in two years, the enormous sum of $80,000, for scraping catgut.

Elihu Burritt says the wages of the laboring men in the world do not average more than twenty cents a day.

Privileges of Postmasters.—When subscribers refuse or neglect to take papers from the office, postmasters are now, as formerly, required to notify editors, &c., and may frank letters containing such notice.

The public printing at Washington is of more pecuniary value than the office of President of the United States. It has yielded, for the last ten years a profit of more than $30,000 annually.

We understand that a poor old woman froze to death on the Hill, in this city, on Thanksgiving night! A shocking final to Thanksgiving day.—*Portland Argus.*

How many minds—almost all the great ones—were formed in secrecy and solitude, without knowing whether they should ever make a genius or not! All they knew was, that they liked what they were about, and gave their whole souls to it.

Strong efforts are making to organize a company to work the iron ore at Piermont, in New Hampshire.

☞ One of the Penobscot tribe of Indians has set up in Camden, Me., as a "regular" Physician.

The Hutchinson Family have been recently singing with much success at the Mechanics' Institute, Liverpool.

More money was expended by christian nations during the year 1845, in preparations for war, than has been appropriated to the promulgation of the gospel since its introduction.

A man named Sweeny jumped overboard from the steamboat Memphis, on her way to New Orleans, and was drowned. A note was found in his birth—"I am on my way to heaven." He mistook the Mississippi for the Jordan.

A poor Polander, urged by want, killed himself in New Orleans a few days since. How pitiable is it when a true heart and willing hands are unable to find employment, and in despair rush into another world!

A Slave's Answer.—A fugitive from slavery was asked if he was not well fed and well clothed. Yes. Was his master kind to him? Yes. Was he over worked? No. Then go back to your master; you were better off than you will be in freedom. "Gentlemen," he replied, "the place that I left, with all its advantages, is open to any of you that want to fill it.

Serenity of mind is nothing worth, unless it has been earned; a man should be susceptible of passions, and able to subdue them.

Mockery.—Governors appointing days of 'thanksgiving' which they themselves spend in wine-drinking, or worse.

Shocking. A woman has been arrested in Baltimore, for wilfully exposing her child to the air, causing its death.

A speculator in turkeys lost five hundred dollars by the bad weather of Thanksgiving and a few days previous.

A good conscience is the best law.

Five Hundred Pages for Fifty Cents!!!

PROSPECTUS OF THE

CONGRESSIONAL JOURNAL.

The editors of the United States Journal, propose to commence, with the next session of Congress, a weekly publication under the above title, to continue through the whole session, at the unprecedented low price of

FIFTY CENTS!

to each subscriber for a volume of five hundred pages!

It will contain a faithful and impartial record of both Houses of Congress, the gist of all the important speeches which may be delivered, &c., &c. The most competent reporters will be employed and nothing shall prevent it being made worthy of the patronage of the public generally. The Journal will endeavor, in its records, to do justice to both parties, so that both parties will feel allowed to patronise the publication. It being the long session, as it is called, the volume will contain at least 500 pages; each number will contain sixteen pages of solid matter, which will enable the publishers to give all the proceedings worthy of being preserved in book form, for binding and future reference. The exceedingly low terms will place it within the reach of all; the publishers hope that their friends will use their exertions in obtaining subscribers.

☞ Those who forward Five Dollars shall receive Eleven copies—Ten Dollars, Twenty-three copies—Twenty dollars, FIFTY copies—reducing the price to forty cents, for a volume of 500 pages.

☞ A title page and complete index will be added at the end of the volume, to make it more convenient for future reference.

THEOPHILUS FISK,
JESSE E. DOW.

Washington, August 12, 1845.

☞ Editors by copying the above prospectus and calling the attention of their readers to it, will be entitled to a copy from the commencement.

Laborers' Union Meeting, Thursday Dec. 25.

Question for Discussion.

Resolved, That no man can accumulate great riches by "doing unto others as he would that men should do unto him."

The Great Sleigh Ride, noticed in our last to come off on New Year's day has been changed to Christmas. All wishing to take a merry trip over to the beautiful town of Lancaster will take particular notice not to be "too late for the cars."

The following persons have been chosen Directors for the publication of this paper.

George W. Hatch, West Roxbury,
Levi B. Parker, East Bridgewater,
Wm. D. Leavitt, Woburn,
John S. Fletcher, }
Sarah G. Bagley, } Lowell,
Edward C. Darling, }
H. J. Chenoweth, } Lynn.

☞ W. B. Pearson is authorised to act as Agent for the Voice in this City. Will our people crown his efforts with abundant success.

☞ THE VOICE IS FOR SALE,

at most of the Book and Periodical Stores in the City. Also, by W. B. Pearson. In Fitchburg at S. & C. Shepley's Bookstore, and L. Pratt's No. 5, Rollstone Block.

Let it be Remembered—That this paper is upon a firm and permanent basis, a large number of responsible individuals, being personally obligated for its regular issue. Therefore, we trust our friends will not delay sending in their names, for one year's subscription, together with the $1,00 for the same.

The New England Workingmen's Association stands adjourned to meet in the Town of Lynn the third Friday of January.

Will all papers friendly please copy.

NOTICE.

☞ The Laborers' Union Association, hold their regular meetings every Thursday Evening, at 76, Central street, for the purpose of discussing questions of general interest to Workingmen. Those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

NOTICE.

THE LABORERS' UNION ASSOCIATION, at South Boston, holds its regular meetings every Thursday Evening, at the "Barker's Building" on 4th street, near "South free bridge," and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

The Library, is open every Saturday Evening for the delivery of books.

Subscriptions to the Library $2,00 a year for Gentlemen, one dollar for Ladies. A relief fund is also attached to the Association, for relief of sick and destitute members.

NOTICE.

☞ The Industrial Reform Association of Lowell, hold their meetings on Monday Evening of each week, at 8 o'clock, at 76, Corner of Central and Hurd Streets, and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing classes, are cordially inited to attend.

Per Order

Lowell, Aug. 28. JOHN SAWTELL, Sec'y.

MARRIAGES.

In Woburn, by Rev. W. H. Randolph, Mr. John S. Flinn of Lowell, and Miss Margaret B. Farrington of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 18th, by Rev. A. A. Miner, Mr. Warren Hardy, and Miss Julia Ann Hopkinson, both of Lowell.

In New York, 4th inst., Mr. Alfred A. Valentine to Miss Sarah P. daughter of H. T. Ingalls, formerly of Merrimack, N. H.

DEATHS.

In Nashville, 5th inst., Mr. Amos Abbott, aged 51.

In Windham, 8th inst., Mrs. Mehitable Hughes, aged 98 years and 11 months.

WANTED.

500 LABORERS and 25 Stone Masons, on the Northern Railroad, in Andover N. H., for which the best of wages will be paid by

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Fitchburg, Mass.

HENRY J. LOWE,

DEALER IN

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

Rich Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, Cutlery, &c, &c.

☞ Repairing done in the best manner, at short notice.

Fitchburg, Oct. 1845.

Traveling Agent—N. W. BROWN.

LOCAL AGENTS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston—D. W. Parkman, James Campbell, S. H. Allen, A. J. Wright, J. G. Kaulback.
Fitchburg—S. & C. Shepley, John Scism, C. N. Pratt E. F. Bailey.
Woburn—W. D. Leavitt.
Lynn—E. C. Darling, H. J. Chenoweth.
East Bridgewater—Levi B. Parker.
Fall River—Thomas Almy.
Chelmsford, (Scythe factory Village)—Moses Edwards.
North Chelmsford—Joseph B. Pierce.
Foxville—Benjamin T. Bill.
Millbury—J. S. Holt.
Worcester—S. Thompson.
South Andover—William Irish.
Woburn, New Bridge—Henry Foster.
Northampton—Thomas Rogers.
Chicopee Falls—Calvin Sykes, A. Holliston.
Northbridge—H. O. Bean.
Milford—Hiram Hunt.
Leominster—S. A. Smith.
Andover, Frye Village—David Middleton.
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Palmer—S. A. Fay.
Cabotville—Sophia Taylor.
Springfield—George F. Tannatt.
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Manchester—D. P. Perkins, Walter French.
Lebanon—H. T. Young.
Claremont—Edward Burill.
Meredith Bridge—B. F. Palmer.
Providence, R. I.—G. W. Merriam.

Who Is My Neighbor?

Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart and burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the weary man,
Whose years are at the brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares and pain;
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan helpless left;
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose thoughts are all beyond the grave;
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

O pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery;
Go share thy lot with him.

Plain Speaking.

The following extracts are from a speech by Mr. Dawson, of Birmingham, at a meeting of the Baptist Home Missionary Society, in London, in May.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"I began to-day with a strange sight at the Old Bailey. And I went there on purpose, though I abominate such sights. I went there to see the state of the people, for it is not by sitting at chapels or attending meetings that we can ascertain their state. Religion is getting too delicate and refined. We must take it as Christ took it, and go into the lanes and alleys, and make it for ourselves. And, as to the moral effects of a hanging, you should have watched the mob. All that is licentious, filthy, and abominable, was under the very gallows tree. Words that disgrace the atmosphere of a Christian land were spoken.—These are the people of a Christian and enlightened country. The ignorance of the rural districts is beyond expression. You may read it in the reports to Parliament, where you hear of numbers that never heard the name of Christ. It also exists not only in several, but all of our large towns, (hear, hear.) We have lost our hold of the mass and see who fill our chapels—the respectable, as they are called, the genteel, but not the common people—the working people have deserted us—they visit the pot-houses or the park—any where but the chapel. Therefore I turn to these Home Missions, and see in them the proper cure for this state of things. Christ preached to the common people; he planted his religion in the deep soil of the hearts of the common people, and when religion ceases to make this appeal to the people, its strength begins to die. Martin Luther, that grand soul came to set the church right. And how did he do it! Not by appealing to the upper classes alone, but by street and ballad singing, and also by giving the Bible in their broad German tongue, (hear, hear.) In the country, when the religion got cold and genteel again, its gloves were on, it was no longer the religion of the people. Whitefied and Wesley, noble souls, then came forth to revive it.—How? By going into the fields, to the fairs and market places, to very disreputable places indeed, and to the very vulgar people indeed, (cheers.) And they revived religion. I say religion wants another revival in this country; and I believe, religion must take a considerably different character from that which it now bears. We must begin with the people—I make it my duty to visit the workmen of Birmingham, and they tell me that our preaching is technical, and that our talk is of chapel rents and pew rents. They begin with the church of England, that they show me their well-fed pastors and their well-filled pews; but there is no place for the poor man, or, if there is, he must have the middle mark of poverty; indeed, we can never clothe our charity children in this country, but we have a middle mark on them as the farmer on his sheep. They say, Well, the dissenters are nearly as bad—their religion consists of a set of technicalities which they cannot understand—nor can they understand—the pride of some of the members of the church.

In the early ages of Christianity, the preachers had to go to the people. In the middle ages, the people came to the preachers. In this, the third manifestation, the preachers must go again to the people.

We must make out, that you cannot do what you cannot do religiously; that you have no business to touch what you cannot touch religiously; and from my soul do I loathe that most hateful cant of all cants that are canted in this most canting world, which says that Christian men may not meddle with politics, (cheers.) He may meddle with it if he does righteousness. The Prophet tells me, that the day will come when upon the horses' bells shall be written, 'Holiness to the Lord;' and the Apostle says. 'Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' He means that every thing is to be done in obedience to God. Surely, when I help to make the laws of the land, I ought to be religious. I should carry my religion to the polling-booth, to the newspaper, to the literature, to every thing. Mark what were written upon certain banners, that were flourished in a procession in this town of yours, a few years back. I quote them, not to approve them; do not let me be mistaken here. It was written on them, 'More bread, and fewer Bibles; more pigs, and fewer parsons.' This is not a thing to be laughed at, for it is highly significant. These words ought to be like the first smoke of a volcano, which tells what comes next. 'More bread, and fewer Bibles;' what does it teach you? That you are too exclusive; that you care more for the souls of men than for their bodies, not imitating Jesus Christ, who, when the multitude had gone to hear him without their dinner, worked a miracle to supply them with bread for the body. I speak of these things because they form the objections of working-men to religion. They say, you have given us righteousness in the chapel, give us righteousness in the shop; you have given us prayers at the chapel, give us prayers that we may not be overworked and ground down by oppression.

If the thousand who are present would resolve to do it, there would be fifty-two thousand visits paid in the year to the neglected, degraded and oppressed. Would not this change the face of things? Your visits should not be exclusively religious; that is, give them nothing but prayer. Give them lessons in faith, and show it in action. Give them the bread they need; for Christ says, 'Feed the hungry;' give them clothing, if they lack it; for Christ says, 'Clothe the naked;' give them freedom, if they want it; for the Old Testament speaks nobly of those who stand up for the oppressed, who lift up a truthful testimony against unrighteousness and injustice, whether in high places or among the people. These are my reasons for supporting this Society. We must do as Luther, and Wesley, and Whitefield did. You must go as men, and not as gentlemen, (loud cheers.) We have seen visits paid to the homes of the poor, and the chair was too dirty for a genteel person to sit down; or the man's hand was too hard or too black for a gentleman to grasp it. If this is the spirit in which you go to the house of the poor, I say keep away, or you will make them stand up in the attitude of defiance. Men can be led where they cannot be driven. There is a certain obstinacy in most of us, lead us you may, but you cannot drive us an inch, (cheers.) I honor him who knows how to be a gentleman among gentleman, a man among men, a child among children, and can retain his manliness to the last. Break the poor man's loaf with him; take his pinch of salt with him; shake his hand warmly; inquire into his welfare; make out his work; doff that white hand for a moment, if thou mayest but win his heart. His heart is won by the man who will sit down with him on his three-legged stool; who will share his dinner, with no fuss or condescention; but as man with man, brother with brother, and sinner with sinner. This do, and thy God shall give thee thy reward, (loud cheers.)

Robert Owen at Hopedale.

We have had a two-days' visit from this celebrated man. He is a remarkable character. In years nearly seventy-five; in knowledge and experience superabundant; in benevolence of heart transcendental; in honesty without disguise; in philanthropy unlimited; in religion a skeptic; in theology a Pantheist; in metaphysics a necessarian circumstantialist; in morals a universal excusionist; in general conduct a philosophic non-resistant; in socialism a communitist; in hope a terrestrial elysianist; in practical business a methodist; in deportment an unequivocal gentleman.

* * * * * * * * *

His frank straight forward honesty, coupled with tolerance, forbearance, courtesy and kindness to opponents. He conceals nothing; he even dogmatises about his *'three errors'* and their counter truths; he declares his abhorrence of the evils of existing society and denounces them; he proclaims himself the uncompromising apostle of his new dispensation, and that his whole life and substance are devoted to radical reform; yet he is uniformly calm, patient, conciliatory, kind and courteous in all his conversation, addresses and proceedings. This is noble, excellent! We sympathize with and honor it. His dogmas may be wrong, his schemes impracticable, his anticipations visionary; but in *these things* he is right.

His knowledge of men and things. His extensive general reading and observation; his long and various experience in the methods of conducting productive industry, manufacturers, trade, education and government; his accumulation and ready command of European statistics; his doctrines, schemes and detailed plans for bringing the human race into a new social order; these render him one of the most intelligent, instructive and entertaining conversionists and lecturers with whom we have ever met. Notwithstanding all our differences about matters of religion, philosophy, ethics, &c. we shall always be thankful for his visit to Hopedale, and are sure of having derived much valuable practical information from his communications. These we hope to turn to a good account in carrying forward the great enterprise to which we are devoted.—One fact only will we stop to repeat, which goes to confirm our confidence in the absolute practicability of Non-Resistance. Mr. Owen testifies that he superintended at New Lanark, in Scotland, for 30 years a manufacturing establishment with 2500 population attached to it, originally from the dregs of the country.—These he gradually rendered the best and most orderly society of working people in Europe or in the world. Yet he never had one person, old or young, prosecuted at law, corporeally punished, imprisoned or fined in all that time! This means something, and deserves to be remembered.

But we must close, having written three times as much as we at first intended. Mr. Owen has vast schemes to develope, and vast hopes of speedy success in establishing a great model of the new social state; which will quite instantaneously, as he thinks, bring the human race into a terrestial paradise. He insists on obtaining a million of dollars capital to be expended in lands, buildings, machinery, conveniences and beautifications, for his model Community; all to be finished and in perfect order, before he introduces to their new home, the well selected population who are to inhabit it. He flatters himself he shall be able, by some means, to induce capitalists, or perhaps Congress, to furnish a million of dollars for this object. We were obliged to shake an incredulous head, and tell him frankly how groundless, in our judgment, all such splendid anticipations must prove. He took it in good part, and declared his confidence unshaken, and his hopes undiscouragable by any man's unbelief. So we wait to see 'the beginning of the end;' trusting ourselves to other means, the gradual growth of smaller establishments for the consumation so devoutly to be wished.—*Practical Christian.*

Land Monopoly in the West.

There could hardly be a better illustration of the evil workings of our present public land system and of the wisdom and justice of that proposed by the National Reform Association, than is afforded by the letter and the accompanying document from Green County, Wisconsin, on the first page of this paper. Here we see that the people who wish to get their living by honest labor on the soil, (perhaps after being driven out landless and dependent from the States in which they were born by Land Monopoly,) are compelled to organize to protect themselves in the wilderness from the *legalized* operations of those who are "disposed to live out of the labors of others" by the most abominable and pernicious species of speculation. The government *neglects* to secure to every citizen his right to a home on the soil, which it ought to do; and it *permits*, if it does not *encourage*, speculation in the soil, which it *ought not to do.* Thus the people are forced back on their natural right of self-protection, and the Republican principle is disgraced and outraged.

It appears that the speculators have two modes of operation. The one is, to buy up unimproved land, or land which the actual settler is unable to pay for when it is brought *under the hammer* by the *government*; the other is, to lend money, at an exhorbitant interest, to the actual settler who wishes to purchase the land at the minimum price. For instance, the settler wishes to purchase his quarter section according to his pre-emption right at the minimum price of $1,25 an acre; but he has expended all his means for buildings and improvements: the *speculator* (perhaps a member of Congress or his agent) *kindly* steps in and others to lend him the necessary $200, for four years, provided he will give a mortgage on his land for *four* hundred, and pay interest on that amount for seven per cent.! The amount of the *shave* varies according to circumstances, but it has been, in thousands of instances, carried to the extent just mentioned! And this infamous extortion is upheld by a government claiming to be the best on earth! Best it may be, but in this particular it very evidently needs improvement, and that improvement most certainly must come as soon as the sufferers shall finish that organization which they have now so auspiciously commenced.

The clearly feasible remedy is for the government to sell no more public lands, but to hold them in trust perpetually for the people, guaranteeing the inalienable right of *occupancy*, in limited quantities, to actual settlers.—This would forever prevent speculation on the lands now held by the government, and would secure to every man who could get upon them a home. Besides, it would force much of the land now monopolized into the market, and prevent the necessity of emigration to Oregon and California; and then, if the States would follow up this improvement by a restriction against *future* monopoly within their limits, a few years would make us a nation of Freeholders, whose example would be admired and emulated by every other union

We hope that our friends in Wisconsin will unite with us, not only to secure each settler a home but insist that all the unoccupied shall be kept out of the grasp of speculators and held in reserve for our children and our children's children for ever.—*Young America.*

The state of the potatoe crop continues to be an absorbing feeling, not only with the people of Ireland, but with the whole of the three kingdoms. Several meeting have been held to carry out measures for meeting the emergency,

Making "twain one flesh" is supposed to mean, in modern parlance, the mixing of pig and puppy in the manufacture of sausages.

IMPORTANT TO BLACKSMITHS.—A correspondent informs us of a very useful discovery he has made in burning wood coal, and requests that we make it public. The improvement consists in the use of *ground bark* in the place of dirt, as a covering for the kiln. Our correspondent, who is a practical blacksmith, in communicating the result of his experiment says—"I covered with the old bark that had been used in tanning. I used leaves from the woods before the bark, the same as I would for covering with dirt—both leaves and bark should be made thoroughly wet. The advantages of this plan are: the kiln, if well set, and well covered will burn much sooner, will never 'break out,' leave fewer brands, and consequently turn out a larger quantity of coal.—The coal is heavier, more thoroughly burnt, and entirely free from dirt."—*Ex. paper.*

SEARCHING FOR A HUSBAND.—A young woman from Great Falls, who had been but a week married, came into town on Tuesday morning last, in pursuit of her liege lord, who had left her bed and board, without provocation. She learned that he left here for Lowell on Saturday for the purpose of visiting a young lady to whom he was much attached, before his marriage. She departed for home in the last train of cars, justly vexed at his conduct, and declaring that 'SHE WOULD'NT CALL IT ANY MARRIAGE AT ALL!'—*Factary Girl's Garland.*

EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE OF FORTUNE.—A correspondent of the *Boston Courier*, writing from Buffalo, says an individual of that city, who in the great expansion of business in 1836, stood next to Rathbun, the second in the list of heroes, who travelled through the country in state, and who spent hundreds of dollars at the hotels of an evening, and then cursed the landlords for not charging higher, who purchased the American Hotel, for I know not how much, and expended $40,000 in furnishing it, who was approached with awe and looked up to with reverence, who is said to have given in a schedule in bankruptcy of some eleven millions,—is now engaged in the humble but honest employment of driving a horse cart, and peddling sand about the streets of Buffalo, while his wife supports herself as a nurse.

SOUND OUTRAGE.—I positively never knew a man in the country too poor to take a newspaper; yet even many respectable persons read no papers but what they borrow—as I speak generally, I hope to offend no one. If I do the greater the necessity to speak on.—Every man is able conveniently to take a paper. The cost is 6 cents per week. How many who think themselves too poor to take a newspaper, pays as much daily for mere trifles?—*Dr. Franklin.*

When the philosopher wrote the above, newspapers were very much smaller and dearer than now.

☞ Mr. Charles C. Burleigh is lecturing in Baltimore, on the abolition of capital punishment. He is a bold reasoner, and one of the most brilliant orators of the day. God speed the noble work, and bless its able advocates.

Hear no ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy. Believe not all you hear, nor speak all you believe.

ETIQUETTE.—In England, the fashionable world are governed by the following maxims: It is a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady in the street until you perceive she has noticed you, by an inclination of the head.—'If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is her part to notice you first, unless intimate. The reason is, if you bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if she bow to you, as a gentleman, you, cannot cut her.'

The British ports were not, and it is now believed, will not be opened to free trade in corn. It is said that Sir Robert Peel was in favor of such a measure, but that he was overruled by the Duke of Wellington!

TOO TRUE.—When a man becomes poor, and gets hard up with owl-eyed starvation staring at him from a short distance, he will turn off and go devilward in spite of all pious pushings to the contrary. Righteousness and roast beef are luxuries that he can't afford.—[Dow, Jr.

An Exchange paper says, there are many hogs in this world, with invisible snouts. Their bristles grow inwardly, and their souls wallow in the mire; until they become fitted for the devil's pork barrel, into which they go after a hard scald.

A confirmed tobacco chewer, says the St. Louis Revelle, for fifty years, chews one mile and quarter in length of tobacco in that time.

The London Times says—A half million of railway laborers is an army, greater and more powerful than is possessed by any other nation.

Mr. Jasper Way, of Claremont, N. H., was found dead in his barn on Monday evening last, probably in an apoplectic fit. He was 78 years of age, and a member of the Methodist church.

A letter writer says if the custom house at Liverpool derived its revenue from curses, it it would be the wealthiest place in the world.

FOR 1845.

PROSPECTUS FOR VOL. VII.

OF THE

AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

TO reform and perfect man—to bring out by culture the original beauties and capabilities of his nature, are objects the most exalted that can possible engross humanity. But, to do this either effectually or correctly, that nature must be known, and as Phrenology is the science of human nature, and especially of man's intellectual and moral constitution, it evolves all the elementary principles of his nature—thereby embodying all the laws of his being, all the conditions of happiness, and all the causes of all his sufferings, as well as of all the evils that afflict society; and all this so plain that "he that runs may read," and so beautiful as to excite our highest admiration. It also furnishes the only true test and touch-stone by which to try every doctrine and practice of the age, and indeed, of all past and all coming—every theory of society, every question of ethics, of morals, of logic, of equity, and even of religious creeds and practices; for, by developing fully and clearly the primitive nature and constitution of man, and that in all its ramifications, it arranges, before the tribunal of that nature every thing appertaining to man; approving whatever conflicts therewith.

The accompanying numbers of this periodical, as well as its three last volumes, will serve as samples of its future course, excepting that the following important departments will be added

1st that of Physiology. Though, for several years, the Journal has contained more or less physiological fact and information, yet its space has been too much occupied otherwise to give that full attention to the exposition and enforcing of the laws of animal life, including the value of health and the means of regaining and preserving it, which their importance demands. To know and obey these laws, lies at the basis of all human improvement and happiness; for, be it remembered, that life and health depend thereon, and on them depend all our pleasures, whether mental or physical. Even intellectual attainments and moral progression must be accompanied by physiological, especially cerable, improvement. The connection of Physology with mentality—the different states of body as inducing their corresponding states of mind—have been almost completely overlooked, even by Phrenologists themselves.

Our talents, our virtues, our vices, our mental and moral progression, depend more upon what, how and when, we eat, drink, sleep, labor, bathe, &c.—upon our physical habits and physiological condition—than most people suppose. The plain fact is, few people know how to eat! or sleep! or breathe! or live! If they did sickness would be unknown, and sin comparatively banished from our world. Those physiological conditions, therefore, which affect mind and morals, will be freely discussed in this volume.

2nd. That of Animal Magnetism, or the vital principle. So indissolubly is this science connected with both Phrenology and Physiology, that neither should ever be pursued without the other. At least every student of the latter sciences who prosecutes his investigations unguided by the light of this new star of human science, but gropes his way in comparative darkness. Surprisingly beautiful and philosophical, as well as rich in lessons of health and happiness, are the discoveries evolved by applying magnetism to phrenological and physiological investigations. And surely, as a remedial agent, this application exceeds, and will eventually supersede, all others. Aware of no work or periodical which covers, this most interesting, most important field of human inquiry, the Editor intends to occupy it, at least, partially, in this volume.

3d. A department devoted to woman. To improve her, is to benefit the human race, whilst her degeneracy detoriates it. Female education—nearly every thing appertaing to her—is now effecting her ruin as fast as the rapid flight of time will allow. Long enough has her vanity been inflated with the gaudy, the artificial, and the fashionable. Too long already, have her exquisite sensibilities been perverted, and the beauties and graces of her nature been converted either into play-things—mere toys for man to sport with—or else prostituted at the shrine of the worst of human passions. Infinitely more perfect, more prolific than any human thing ever yet beheld by mortals, are the natural charms and beauties of the female charactrr. But, they have yet to be brought out. To do this effectually, her nature and capabilities must be known. These, her Phrenology and Physiology will reveal; in doing which they will also disclose her true sphere, and her causequent duties. To this eventful subject—and none can be more prolific of good to man—will a portion of this volume be dedicated. Nor will mothers, in their distinctive relations as mothers, be neglected.

Those at all acquainted with the Editor's style of writing or lecturing, will readily comprehend his manner of treating these and other subjects that come appropriately within the wide range of phrenological, physiological and magnetic science. Our field is indeed the world. Not only is it already ripe for the harvest, but it is becoming corrupted and all overgrown with the tares of uncleanliness and the thistle of sin. To receive the good into vessels, will be the object of every successive number of this work. Those, therefore, who drop tears of sorrow over fallen humanity, or who would lend a helping hand to its restoration, may perhaps do good as effectually by circulating this work as in any other way; for its pages will embody both the *seeds* and the *crop* of all *reform.*—*human improvement* and happiness are designed to be inscribed on its page, its every line.

Nor, in this long line of subjects, will the practical department of phrenological science—its principles, its facts its philosophy, or information requisite for furthering the progress of amateurs, be neglected.

And since nothing—neither the acquisition of any species of knowledge, nor the possession of any form or degree of wealth, or honor, or any possession whatever—can as effectually benefit, or as deeply interest, every member of the human family, as will that knowledge of our nature imparted by Phrenology, which renders it the science for "the million;" and since it is proper and desirable that a monthly Journal, devoted to this science should be accessible to all—to the poor as well as to the rich, to the illiterate, as well as to the scientific—this Journal will be furnished on the following extremely low

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